The Gray Love

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The Gray Love

by hedonistconstant

Summary

Will finds a cat at a gas station, and he was always bad about picking up strays

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

It’s late. Will’s drive home from school is long, but the quiet calm is soothing. Johnny Cash plays softly on the radio.

He decides to stop at a convenience store on the way. When he picked up food for his dogs during the week, he had forgotten to buy anything for himself. He realizes he had done the same thing last week too, so his back up frozen dinners were long gone. The supermarkets will be closed, so the convenience store is his best bet to grab something vaguely like dinner.

Getting out of his truck, Will grabs his wallet and keys, putting them in his back pocket.

Walking over to the convenience store he hears a small meow. Looking around in the dark, Will doesn’t notice anything at first, then a small ball of fur appears in his line of vision. The cat lets out another meow and walks up to him, rubbing its face against his legs. Will kneels so he can pet its soft head.

“What are you doing out here?” The cat lets out a loud purr in response. On closer inspection, Will can see that the cat is a little rough. When Will pets down his back he can feel some cuts on him, and his fur is matted and dirty. The cat just curls closer to his feet, laying down against them and showing his stomach. “You are a sweet boy.” Will pets him and frowns. He doesn’t know how the dogs will react to a cat, and cats take longer to build trust than dogs. Taking a chance, Will picks the cat up. It goes easily, rubbing himself against Will’s shirt and purring loudly.

“You are a sweet little thing aren’t you…” Will holds the cat close to him and heads back to his truck so that he can take it home. His dinner is easily forgotten with something new to take care of in his arms.

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Closing the dogs up in the backroom and leaving in the cat in the car is a small risk. When he comes back to the car, the cat is lying in the same spot so at least the worst didn’t happen. As it is a male cat. Will could have come back to a huge mess, but the cat seemed too respectable for that. Will laughs at the thought as he picks him up, it’s kind of odd to think that way about a cat, but ‘respectable’ is the first word that comes to mind. Will couldn’t wait to see him after he is cleaned up and well-fed.
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Sitting the cat on the kitchen counter, he starts to fill the sink. The cat stares warily at it, which makes Will chuckle.

“I’m not just going to toss you in the sink. Calm down, little guy.” Will grabs a warm cloth and some scissors, he is going to have to cut some of the matted hair away. This is going to take a minute.

To Will’s overwhelming shock, the cat pretty much sits still while he works. He even purrs when Will starts wiping his face with the towel. When he is finally done, the cat presses its wet face against his shirt. Looking down, the shirt is now as dirty as the cat was when he started.

“Alright alright, I’m going to get you some fish. And you can eat while I shower.” Will wasn’t sure why he was talking to the cat, but they both seemed to enjoy it. Putting a small amount of fish in a bowl Will slips his shirt off, and heads to the shower. Unbeknown to him the cat watches carefully as he walks away before eating the food laid out for him.

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Getting out of the shower, Will finds himself standing in an empty kitchen. The cat must have officially started hiding to get comfortable. It was weird that it had been so easy going until this point. Will hasn’t had many cats, but every single one had been weird when he first got them. Especially with the smell of dogs so prevalent in his home.

“Kitty kitty, where are you hiding?” The food that Will had left him had been eaten, nothing on the counter was left. He had forgotten how neat cats were compared to dogs. Walking over to his bed, he slips his towel off and opens the drawer, pulling out a pair of boxers. When he slips them on he hears a loud meows and suddenly the cat is slipping between his ankles meowing loudly. Will smiles to himself, bending down to pick him up and cradling him to his chest. “You are a friendly one, aren’t you. And your fur is so nice and soft when it’s clean.” Will presses his face against him before heading to his bed. He would deal with the dogs in the morning, right now he was exhausted. He could feel his stomach rumble, upset he still hadn’t eaten anything, but he just didn’t have the energy to cook something.

He moves the towel he used from the shower onto his bed, just in case he had another sweating fit. He pulls the blanket over his chest and closes his eyes. The cat easily curls up

beside him, his head on Will's shoulder. Will chuckles to himself and closes his eyes. At least he wouldn't be lonely tonight.

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Waking up in the middle of the night, Will feels something holding him. It is warm and cozy, and Will cuddles closer on instinct. He doesn't know why he woke up, because he wasn't having any nightmares. He was actually really comfortable.

His hand reaches out, not sure what he expects to find cuddling him but coming hand to chest to a man was not what he expected.

Will jumps back, falling off the bed with a loud sound. The dogs are barking in the other room. Will scrambles back until he finds a lamp and turns it on. When his eyes adjust to the light, he sees something he didn't expect to find.

A man is sitting on his bed, calmly watching him. Will is about to start yelling when he notices the large fluffy ears sitting on top of the man's head.

"I must be dreaming," Will whispers to himself, tensing when the man stands up and walks over to him. Will finds himself pressed against his dresser, the man rubbing himself on him and letting out something that sounds very much like a purr. "I am dreaming, and this is the weirdest dream I've ever had." The man is looking up at him with an expectant expression. Will tentatively reaches out and pets the man's head, feeling the ears between his fingers. They were soft. And very real.

The man presses closer to Will, making Will to face the very real reality that there is a completely nude man with cat ears rubbing up against him.

"Alright Alright." Will pets him for a second before pushing him away. The man frowns at him but walks back to the bed. "Can you talk? Because I'm apparently going to have to deal with the fact that you're suddenly a human."

"I can talk." The man smiles at him, coy. "I wanted to thank you for saving me."

The ears and the obviously catlike mannerisms are already disconcerting. The fact that this man could also talk makes the whole situation even more surreal for Will.

“You’re welcome?” Will hates how unsure he sounds. “I mean. I thought I was just saving a cat.”

“I am a cat. My name is Hannibal.” Will blinks at the man, unable to hide the confusion on his face. WIll reaches over to turn on the overhead light, confirming the fact that there is a man with cat ears sitting on his bed. “I was alone for a long time, I’m glad to have you as my master.”

Will coughs, eyes wide. “You’re what? I’m really sorry. I don’t…” Hannibal’s eyes get large and watery.

“You aren’t going to abandon me, are you? They always do eventually.” His voice is choked, and he’s looking down at his hands. Will felt his heart pang for him.

“I’m not going to abandon you.” Will is shocked at his own words but he walks over to him. He pets through his hair, rubbing his ear. Hannibal lets out a soft purr, and curls closer to him. “But, I will find you some clothes to wear while you are human.” He laughs to himself at the nose wrinkle his cat gives in response.

End Notes

you can find me https://twitter.com/grantairess
my beta: https://twitter.com/vinylmurdersuit (who I adore so much, thank you)

Based on this fanart: https://twitter.com/shatouto/status/1214240396252831746?s=20

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